

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by,
Sea fights and land fights, grim and
great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches, and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dipping lips;
Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift in-
crease;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;
Sign of a Nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign
wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
—H. H. Bennett in The Youth's Com-
panion.

MISTAKEN.

Mr. Mopsleigh was an aspiring man. His motto was "Upward and onward." And, to a certain extent, he had lived up to it; for, beginning life with no greater capital than a ragged coat, a shoe-black and box of blacking, he had succeeded in amassing a fortune of something over a hundred thousand dollars. He had never married, because he had been too busy in his younger days, and now that his means would admit of such a luxury, his hopes and aspirations were all centered in his only nephew, a fine young fellow, just one-and-twenty years of age.

"You're all I have in the world," said he. "And you shall be my heir, if you only marry to please me." But Mammon and Cupid are almost invariably ranged in opposition to one another in this world—and in full view of the unparalleled idiosyncrasy of such a proceeding, Dick Avenel fell in love with a pretty girl who hadn't a penny to bless herself with, and one day he sought his Uncle Mopsleigh.

"Uncle," said Dick, "I'm in love."

"The deuce you are," said the old gentleman.

"With the sweetest girl in the world!" averred Dick.

"And who, pray, may she be?" demanded Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Her name is Clara Cleveland. She's a nursery governess in Mrs. Van Vorst's family."

"Then," said Uncle Mopsleigh, "you'd better get out of love with her as quick as you can. I want no beggarly governesses in my family! Besides, I've already picked out a wife for you!"

"Eh!" said Dick.

"Miss Clementina Etherege, the heiress! Just come to visit her aunt, Mrs. Major Doddington. Worth a quarter of a million in her own right! And they tell me she is as pretty as a pink! That's the sort of wife for you, my boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Avenel, with dignity. "Were she as rich as Croesus, and beautiful as Venus, she would be perfectly indifferent to me!"

"Don't be an ass!" said Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Come with me at once, and call on me of Major Doddington. See for your-
self."

Self course I will do as you please this," said Dick, mentally steel-
ing himself for a stiff combat. And,
an idly more determined than ever,
will p is hat and accompanied the old
her can.

Major Doddington lived in a
pretty Manard-roofed villa just out of
town. There was a fountain in front
of the veranda, and a perspective view
of blue-silk furnished drawing-rooms
through the open French casements.

"Mrs. Major Doddington is not at
home," said the little maid in a white
apron and pink-ribboned cap, who
came to the door. "Would the gentle-
man wait in and see Miss Etherege?"

But Mr. Mopsleigh declined this. He
didn't quite like to face the heiress
without the advantage of Mrs. Dod-
dington's presence. He handed out his
card, on which he hurriedly pencilled
beneath his own name, that of his
nephew, and said that he would "call
again."

But as they passed the corner of the
house, themselves hidden by a minia-
ture thicket of rhododendrons, they
had an excellent view of one of the
blue silk rooms, where a slender, pret-
ty young lady, also in blue, sat writing
at a desk—a young lady with long eye-
lashes, an oval face and a rose twist-
ed in the coils of her blue-black
hair.

"That's she, sir!" said Mr. Mops-
leigh, grasping his nephew's arm, and
gesticulating toward the unconscious
note writer with the forefinger of his
disengaged hand. "That's the heiress!
Look at her! Isn't she a beauty?"

"She is, indeed, sir," said Dick, who
stood transfixed in the middle of the
rhododendrons. "But are you sure—"

"Of course I'm sure," brusquely in-
terrupted Mr. Mopsleigh. "Who else
can it be? Dick, look here! You shall
marry that girl!"

"I will, sir!" averred Dick, with
equal sincerity.

Mr. Mopsleigh's face brightened up.
"You're a trump, Dick," said he. "I
knew you'd come back to your senses
after a little. Marry her, Dick, and I'll
settle my whole fortune on you."

"All right, sir," said Dick.

Hardly had the footsteps of the de-
parting guests died away on the lawn
than another young lady came in from
an adjoining room, and bent her
pretty head over the fair letter-wri-
ter.

"Are you almost through, Clara?"

"Quite through now, dear."

"Well, then, Clara, look here!"

And Miss Etherege—the real Miss

Etherege—sat herself down with a res-
olute air.

"I've made up my mind to one thing,
Clara," said she. "You shall not be a
governess any longer. You shall live
with me. You shall be my companion
and I'll pay you twice as much—"

"But Clementina—"

"Say yes! Darling, do say yes!"

"And when Richard Avenel called
that evening, in obedience to a little
pencil note from Clara, he found that
she had decided to change her situa-
tion."

"So you are the heiress?" said Dick,
bluntly, when Clara introduced him to
"Miss Etherege."

"Exactly," said Clementina. "And
you are the nephew of the rich Mr.
Mopsleigh, I suppose?"

Dick nodded. "Yes," said he. "And
my uncle wants me to marry you."

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure,"
said Miss Etherege, laughing.

"And I am determined to marry
Clara Cleveland, and no one else," ad-
ded Dick.

"I admire your taste," said Miss
Etherege.

And Dick went on and told the whole
story of how they had called there that
morning, and how his uncle had mis-
taken Miss Etherege's visitor for Miss
Etherege herself.

"He told me to marry you," said
Dick, taking both Clara's fluttering
little hands in his; "and I mean to!"

Now it so chanced that Mr. Mops-
leigh was telegraphed to come to Chi-
cago the next morning, to be occupied
there for an indefinite length of time,
but he left a message that Dick must
not forget to prosecute his suit.

"No, I won't," said Dick, smiling to
himself.

Mr. Mopsleigh had not been gone two
weeks when Dick wrote to him.

"You will be glad to learn, uncle,"
said he, "that I am engaged to the
lady you pointed out as my future
bride. We are to be married at once."

In answer to which Mr. Mopsleigh
sent on his blessing by telegraph. And
in less than a month he found him-
self enabled to hurry back to New
York. And with him he brought a
superb set of diamonds for his new
niece.

The first place to which he hastened
was the residence of Mrs. Major Dod-
dington, where, he had understood, the
young couple were making a tempo-
rary sojourn after their trip. Mrs. Dod-
dington received them beamingly.

"So kind of you," said she. "Walk
this way. The turtle-doves are in the
morning room."

Mr. Mopsleigh wrung his nephew's
hand, and kissed the blushing bride af-
fectionately.

"Here's my wedding gift," said he,
hanging the diamond necklace around
Clara's neck, and laying the rings and
brooch on the table. "Welcome, my
love, into the Mopsleigh family!"

Just then a tall, blue-eyed girl en-
tered, and Mrs. Doddington made haste
to introduce her to the elderly visit-
or.

"Mr. Mopsleigh, my niece, Miss Eth-
erege."

"Miss-Etherege!" bawled the old
gentleman, wheeling around toward
the bride. "Then who is this?"

"Formerly Clara Cleveland, at your
service," said Dick, bowing low.

"Not the governess!" yelled Mr.
Mopsleigh.

"Yes, the governess," said Dick. "She
was here on a visit to Miss Etherege
that day you saw her. You told me
to marry her, and I said I would. And
I have obeyed you!"

"Don't be angry, sir," cooed Miss
Etherege. "Clara is the sweetest girl
in all the world."

"Forgive us, sir," pleaded Clara, in
the prettiest of supplicating attitudes,
with her soft eyes brimming over with
tears.

"Well," said Mr. Mopsleigh, after a
momentary pause, "I suppose I shall
have to! Kiss me again, my dear.
You are pretty! And Dick—"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll have the blue and silver rooms
fitted up for you at once. For, of
course, you'll come and live with me?"

And so the old gentleman acquiesced,
as philosophically as he might, in the
irreversible tide of circumstance, and
Dick and Clara were happy.

"And, after all," says Dick, "I did
obey my uncle."

Novelty in Wedding Music.

A Canadian bride introduced recent-
ly a new feature in wedding ceremon-
ies. She appeared in church with her
pet canary fastened to her shoulder
by a golden chain, and the moment
the organ sounded the bird burst into
song.

Killing Wolves in France.

Last year premiums were paid on
only 17 wolves killed in France, as
the number has been steadily decreas-
ing. In 1890 the number was 461, in
1895 it was 900, and in 1893, the first
year in which premiums were offered,
1,296 were found in six departments.

Dogs That Never Bark.

There are three varieties of the dog
that never bark—the Australian dog,
the Egyptian shepherd dog and the
"lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

Gen. Miles' New Uniform.

Gen. Miles has adopted for his own
uniform some new devices which add
to the attractiveness of his official ap-
parel. He has added gold embroidery
to the sleeves and collar of the full-
dress coat. The design is a delicate
tracery of oak leaves in gold. The fa-
miliar epaulettes have been abandoned
in favor of the flat Russian knot, with-
out fringe, bearing the coat of arms
of the United States, and the two stars
indicative of the rank of major-general.
To this is added a belt of Russian
leather piped with gold bullion and
embroidered in oak leaves to match
the design on the collar and cuffs of
the coat. The new features of the uni-
form are completed by a sash of alter-
nate stripes of yellow and gold, which
extends from the right shoulder to the
left side.

Salt and Fresh Lake.

A small lake—Selawik—near the
sea-coast, in Alaska, has tides which
rise and fall in the lake, perhaps on
account of an underground connec-
tion with the sea. At the bottom the
water is salt, but on top there is a
layer of sweet water.

DO YOU CARE?

Alone in my room in the gloaming,
With all so quiet, my ears
Catch the echo-ghosts of the whisper
You spoke in the old glad years,
And I who swore that my soul no more
Should yearn for a face that's fair,
Recall old days and their "tender
grace,"
And wonder if yet you care.

Do you ever, as I, hear the music
Deemed sweet by you and by me,
In the tremulous light that never
Shone yet on the land or sea?
That your breath lives yet in the mig-
nonette,

And your laugh in some fugitive air,
And the light of your eyes in the
morn'g skies—

Would you, knowing all this, yet
care?

Might I clasp your hand in the silence
Reached out o'er the desolate past!
Might I press one kiss on your fore-
head—

Though the pleasure should be my
last!

Heigh-lo! farewell to the dreams that
dwell
As ghosts in the gloom back there;
But I wish that I knew the thoughts
of you

And if really you yet care.
—Will T. Hale in the Chicago-Times-
Herald.

BESSIE.

"It's only Bessie Raven," said Mrs.
Liddington to her niece, Mrs. Enfield,
a blooming city matron, who had
brought her two boys to the country
for the summer. "I wouldn't let Hal
and Felix associate with her on any
account, if I were you. There's no
good in any of those Ravens—a vile,
low set."

Mrs. Enfield looked pityingly at the
brown-faced, bare-legged little gypsy,
who had slunk around the back door,
a basket of late luscious blackberries
on her arm, and the deep flush that be-
tokened how plainly she had overheard
Mrs. Liddington's careless words, still
dyeing her cheeks.

"Only Bessie Raven!" How often
she had heard that phrase. How bitter
a meaning did it all convey to her
ears.

"There are no trout there! You
might throw a bait and wait a year,
and you wouldn't get a bite!"

It was a deep, solitary ravine, where,
in attitudes of intense eagerness, Hal
Enfield and his brother Felix were
holding their fishing rods, awaiting the
expected bite, while Bessie Raven's
brown face and big, black eyes, looked
out at them from a natural oval frame
of bushes and vines, as she held her
basket in one hand and her tattered
sun bonnet in the other.

Hal Enfield, a self-sufficient little
aristocrat, by nature as well as by edu-
cation, drew himself haughtily up.

"I don't know that we asked any in-
formation from you," said he, haughti-
ly. "Have the goodness to be about
your business."

"I won't!" retorted Bessie Raven,
with an ominous flash in her dark eyes.
"It's a free country, ain't it? And I've
as much right here as you have!"

"Very well," said Hal, rising and
gathered together his tackle. "I'll go,
then. Come, Felix."

But Felix, the younger brother, had
no idea of leaving his cool, shady nook,
for a whim of Hal's.

Hal stalked away in high dudgeon;
Felix remained behind to cultivate the
acquaintance of Bessie Raven.

"If there are no trout here," said he,
composedly eyeing the brown gypsy
face among the leaves, "where do they
hide?"

"I'll show you," said Bessie, with
alacrity. "Just a piece further on.
There's lots of 'em—only everybody
don't know it. Come on!"

And the two children spent a long
summer's morning together under the
green trees.

Until just as Felix Enfield was turn-
ing to go home, half apprehensive that
he had missed the farmhouse dinner,
he did not perceive that the little gold
cross he wore attached to his watch-
chain was gone.

"Oh!" cried he, "where is my—"

He stopped abruptly. For in the very
moment in which he spoke, he per-
ceived half-hidden in the folds of the
bosom of Bessie's tattered dress, the
gleam of some golden ornament. In-
voluntarily he caught at it—it was his
own.

"You little thief!" cried he, "you
must have stolen it!"

Bessie stood sullen and silent, her
eyes cast down, her bare feet imperi-
ously patting the velvet grass below.
She could not deny it—she scorned
any attempt to justify herself.

"Bessie," said the boy, slowly, "what
made you do it? Don't you know
that it is wrong to steal?"

"Wrong!" cried out Bessie, passion-
ately. "Why is it wrong? You are
rich and I'm poor! You've got every-
thing, and I've got nothing! Why
shouldn't I help myself when I've got
the chance?"

Felix Enfield looked at her. Verily
there was more in her creed than he
had realized.

"I'll tell you why, Bessie," said he.
"At least, I'll tell you what I think
about it!"

So, in his boyish way, he unfolded
the philosophy of meum and tuum.

Bessie Raven listened in surprise.
She had never been reasoned with
before. No one had ever taken the trou-
ble to explain matters and things in
general to her.

"Oh, Felix!" she cried out, with a
great sob in her throat. "I see it all
now. But no one ever told me before.
And father was lost at sea, and mother
had us little ones to take care of, and
somehow everyone's hand was against
us, and we had to fight our way along,
so I got somehow not to care about
anything."

"Don't cry, Bessie," soothed the lad.
"Don't fret, that's a good girl! Here—
take the gold cross and keep it. I don't
care much for it."

So they parted. At home Felix found
that his father had come to take them
up into the mountains for a few weeks,
before they returned to their city
home—and so he never got the chance
to tell Bessie Raven good-by.

Ten years afterward! Three and
twenty is a dangerous age for flirta-
tions, but Felix Enfield had never been

seriously smitten until that time when
he crossed the Atlantic in the steamer
Will o' the Wisp, and fell in love with
the Captain's Spanish-eyed daughter.

"If you don't marry me," said Felix,
with comical earnestness, "I'll throw
myself into the sea."

"There's not much danger of that,"
said Miss Richfield, quietly.

"But I am in earnest!" protested Fel-
ix.

"So am I," said the damsel with the
blue-black eyes.

"Don't you love me?" pleaded Fel-
ix.

"I don't dislike you," demurely an-
swered Miss Richfield.

"Then I shall hope," declared Felix.
"Hope is a commodity that is free to
all," said the young lady.

But at the voyage's end Mr. Enfield
was deeper in love than ever.

"Look here, Miss Richfield," said he;
"if you don't say you'll have me, I
won't leave the steamer's deck! I'll
go back and forth perpetually between
New York and Southampton!"

"I don't think papa would care for
so permanent a passenger," said Miss
Richfield, with a mischievous twinkle
in her eyes.

"But really, do you know, Miss Rich-
field, I believe you are engaged al-
ready!"

She colored a little.

"Why?" she asked.

"Ah! you think I have no eyes. You
think I haven't perceived that you al-
ways wear a black velvet ribbon
around your neck—a black velvet rib-
bon, from which is suspended some
trinket of gold, hidden in the lace frills
of your collar. Is it a gauge?"

"Yes," Miss Richfield calmly an-
swered, "it is a gauge of true love. If
I ever am married—"

"If," almost scornfully ejaculated the
lover.

"Well, when I am married," Miss
Richfield corrected herself, "it will
only be to the gentleman who gave me
this!"

"Then I may consider myself reject-
ed?" slowly spoke Felix, with a face of
the bitterest chagrin.

"Not quite," said the dark-eyed dam-
sel, softly, as she drew the golden tal-
isman from her throat and held it to-
wards him. "Don't you remember
who gave me this?"

He uttered an exclamation of recog-
nition.

"It is the gold cross I gave years ago
to Bessie Raven!" cried he.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and I am
Bessie Raven."

"You!"

"Yes. My mother died shortly after
you gave me this. My uncle, who had
just returned from the West, adopted
us all. Two of my sisters are in board-
ing school. My brother is being edu-
cated in a German university. And I
am my uncle's adopted daughter,
known only by his name."

"But, Bessie, you said you would
marry the man who gave you that!"
cried out Enfield.

"So I will," confessed Bessie, laugh-
ing and blushing, "if he is still infatu-
ated enough to persist in wanting me."

They were married within a month—a
regular true-love match—and old
Mrs. Liddington finds herself grand-
aunt-in-law to "only Bessie Raven!"

"And, really," says she, complacent-
ly, "I don't think Felix could have
made a better match!"

Flying Machine.

Major R. F. Moore, an English Army
officer, is experimenting with a flying
machine, or, at least, with a model
constructed on a somewhat novel prin-
ciple. He discards the broad plane
and comes back to the wing. He has
taken for his pattern the "flying fox"
of India—a large species of bat—and
reproduces the action of the pectoral
muscles by spiral springs strong
enough to keep the wings extended,
the up and down motion to be accom-
plished by some suitable motor. Two
or more pairs of wings of moderate
size he finds to be preferable to one
large pair.

An Example for New York.

Stockholm boasts of being the most
advanced city of the world, as judged
from her adoption of the telephone,
there being 19,000 subscribers in this
city of but 250,000 people. The reason
d'etre it is to be found in the fact that
a telephone in a private house costs but
\$10 per annum, while one in a business
office costs but \$16. In addition to the
19,000 subscribers in the city proper
the nearby suburbs contain an addi-
tional 2,500 subscribers, some of them
forty or fifty miles distant, which city
subscribers may call up without extra
charge.

Odd Advertising Scheme.

A clever advertising scheme is suc-
cessfully practiced by a Quebec shoe
dealer. With every pair of shoes sold
he gives a pair of overshoes, on each
sole of which is a stamp of his busi-
ness, with the letters reversed as in
type. At each step the wearer takes in
the snow the dealer's advertisement
is visible. It can, therefore, be seen
all over town.

In London there are more fires on
Saturday than on any other day in the
week.

Water Marks a Kentuckian's Grave.

"I think we have a pond down
in our neighborhood," said a citizen of
Auburn, Ky., "which takes the prize
in the wonder class. It is known as
the Herndon Pond and is only a short
distance from the little hamlet of
Corinth."

The story goes that a man was
ploughing in the field one day in June,
several years ago, when the earth
opened and he was engulfed. The
horse he was driving was swallowed
up and no trace of either of them was
ever found. A pond of water spread
out over a six-acre field and marks
the farmer's grave. From that day to
this the lake has always contained
about the same quantity of water.
That the pond is fed by some large
underground stream is evident, for it
never goes dry, it matters not how pro-
longed the droughts may be.

"I once talked to a man of 95, a
native of the immediate locality, who
told me he remembered distinctly
when the farmer was swallowed up
by the sudden caving of the earth and
that the people from up in Simpson
county, thirty miles away, went down
to view the pond and learn the particu-
lars."

BIZERTA.

REMARKABLE HARBOR FRANCE HAS
BUILT IN AFRICA.

A Natural Anchorage West of Tunis Which
Is Assuming a Commanding Position on
the High Road of Trade to the East—Its
Powerful Advantages.

On the whole coast line of the Medi-
terranean Sea there is no point that
occupies a more central position than
the one selected by the Phoenicians
for their western emporium of Byrae.

Here, in antiquity, stood the commer-
cial Carthage and in the mediaeval
ages Tunis, both levying tribute on the
seas from their unassailable strong-
hold. But modern science has mod-
ified everything. Since the invention
of steam and long range guns this
harbor has lost its military import-
ance. But while Tunis has seen its
day as a shelter for men-of-war, some
forty miles to the west there is a nat-
ural harbor which is assuming a com-
manding position on the high road of
trade to the East. This is Bizerta.

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